

Should my performance perish.

*Rom.* Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.

*Ven.* He humbly signifie what in his name, That magicall word of Warre we haue effected, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia, We haue iaded out o'th'Field.

*Rom.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast The waight we must conuay with's, will permit: We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.*

*Agri.* What are the Brothers parted?

*Eno.* They haue disparted with *Pompey*, he is gone, The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weepes To part from Rome: *Cesar* is sad, and *Lepidus* Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled With the Greene-Sickness.

*Agri.* 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

*Eno.* A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Cesar*.

*Agri.* Nay but how deere he adores *Mark Anthony*.

*Eno.* *Cesar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.

*Ant.* What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?

*Eno.* Spake you of *Cesar*? How, the non-pareill?

*Agri.* Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise *Cesar*, say *Cesar* go no further.

*Agri.* Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loues *Cesar* best, yet he loues *Anthony*:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo, His loue to *Anthony*. But as for *Cesar*, Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

*Agri.* Both he loues.

*Eno.* They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:

This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

*Agri.* Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

*Enter Cesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.*

*Antho.* No further Sir.

*Cesar.* You take from me a great part of my selfe: Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble *Anthony*, Let not the peece of Vertue which is set Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter The Fortresse of it: for better might we Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts This be not cherisht.

*Ant.* Make me not offended, in your distrust.

*Cesar.* I haue said.

*Ant.* You shall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the left cause For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you, And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends: We will heere part.

*Cesar.* Farewell my dearest Sister, fare thee well, The Elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

*Octa.* My Noble Brother.

*Anth.* The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring, And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

*Octa.* Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and *Cesar.* What *Octavia*?

*Octa.* He tell you in your eare.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart informe her tongue. The Swannes downe feather That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide: And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will *Cesar* weep?

*Agri.* He ha's a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* He were the worfe for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

*Agri.* Why *Enobarbus*:

When *Anthony* found *Julius Cesar* dead, He cried almost to roaring: And he wept, When at *Phillippi* he found *Brutus* slaine.

*Eno.* That yearindeed, he was troubled with a rheume, What willingly he did confound, he wail'd, Beleeue'till I weep too.

*Cesar.* No sweet *Octavia*, You shall heare from me still: the time shall not Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come Sir, come,

He wrastle with you in my strength of loue, Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go, And giue you to the Gods.

*Cesar.* Adieu, be happy.

*Lep.* Let all the number of the Starres giue light To thy faire way.

*Cesar.* Farewell, farewell.

*Kisses Octavia.*

*Ant.* Farewell. *Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Where is the Fellow?

*Alex.* Halfe afeard to come.

*Cleo.* Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

*Alex.* Good Maiestie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That *Herods* head, he haue: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it: Come thou neere.

*Mes.* Most gracious Maiestie.

*Cleo.* Did'st thou behold *Octavia*?

*Mes.* I dread Queene.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mes.* Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Mark Anthony*.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mes.* She is not Madam.

*Cleo.* Didst heere her speake?

*Mes.* Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I thinke so *Charmian*, dull of tongue, & dwarfish What Maiestie is in her gate, remember If ere thou look'st on Maiestie.

*Mes.* She creepes: her motion, & her station are as one: She shewes a body, rather then a life, A Statue, then a Breacher.

*Cleo.* Is this certaine?

*Mes.* Or I haue no obseruance.

*Octa.* Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing, I do perceiue't, There's nothing in her yet.

The

The Fellow ha's good iudgement.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.

*Mes.* Madam, she was a widdow.

*Cleo.* Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.

*Mes.* And I do thinke she's thirtie.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

*Mes.* Round, euen to faultinesse.

*Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her haire what colour?

*Mes.* Browne Madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's Gold for thee,

Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill, I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready, Our Letters are prepar'd.

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed he is so: I repent me much That so I harmed him. Why am I think's by him, This Creature's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing Madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath scene some Maiesty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he scene Maiestie? *Isis* else defend: and seruing you so long.

*Cleo.* I haue one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian*: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me where I will write, all may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you Madam.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony and Octavia.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay *Octavia*, not onely that, That were excusable, that and thousands more Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it, To publike eare, spoke scantily of me, When perforce he could not But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly He vented then most narrow measure: lent me, When the best hint was giuen him: he not look't, Or did it from his teeth.

*Octa.* Oh my good Lord, Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue, Stomacke not all. A more vnhappy Lady, If this deuision chance, ne're stood betweene Praying for both parts:

The good Gods wil mocke me presently, When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband, Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud, Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother, Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, he midway Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle *Octavia*,

Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks Best to preferue it: if I loose mine Honour, I loose my selfe: better I were not yours Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested, Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady, Ile raise the preparation of a Warre Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast, So your desires are yours.

*Octa.* Thanks to my Lord,

The Ioue of power make me most weake, most weake, You reconciler: Warres twixt you twaine would be, As if the world should cleaue, and that staine men Should soader vp the Rift.

*Anth.*

Turne yo

Can neu

Can equ

Choole y

Your hea

*Eno.*

*Eros.*

*Eno.*

*Eros.*

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